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Junior Recital: Annie Barrett, mezzo-soprano

Annie Barrett

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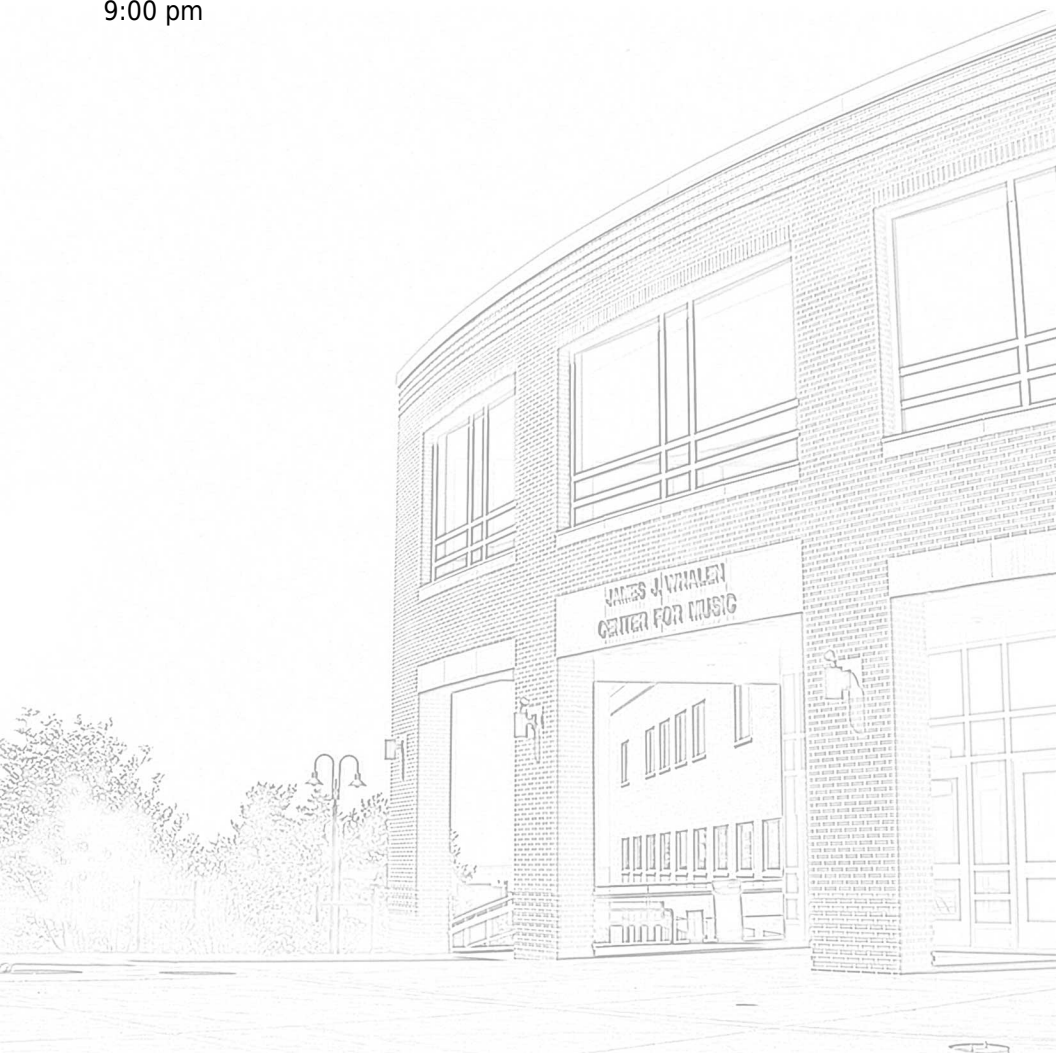
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Junior Recital:
Annie Barrett, mezzo-soprano

In Collaboration with Alison Cherrington

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday, May 2nd, 2014
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Svegliatevi nel core
L'angue offeso mai riposa

G. F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Ihre Stimme
Seit ich ihn gesehen
Der Sandmann

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Parto, parto, ma tu ben mio

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Intermission

Eight Epitaphs
Alice Rodd
Susannah Fry
Three Sisters
Thomas Logge
A Midget
No Voice To Scold
Ann Poverty
Be Very Quiet Now

Theodore Chanler
(1902-1961)

Automne
En Sourdine
Sylvie

Gabriel Faure
(1845-1924)

Translations

Svegliatevi nel core

Svegliatevi nel core,
Furie d'un'alma offesa,
A far d'un traditor
Aspra vendetta!
L'ombra del genitore
Accorre a mia difesa,
E dice,
A te il rigor, figlio, si aspetta.

Rouse yourselves in my heart,
Furies of a spirit offended,
To wreak on a traitor,
Bitter vengeance!
The shade of my father
Hastens to my defense,
And says:
"From you, severity, son, is
expected."

L'angue offeso mai riposa

L'angue offeso mai riposa,
Se il veleno pria non spande
Dentro il sangue all'offensor.
Così l'alma mia non osa di mostrarsi

Altera e grande
Se non svelle l'empio core

The serpent offended never rests
If its poison first does not pour
Into the blood of its offender.
Thus my soul does not dare to show
itself
Haughty and great
If it doesn't tear out that wicked
heart

Ihre Stimme

Laß tief in dir mich lesen,
Verhehl' auch dies mir nicht,
Was für ein Zauberwesen
Aus deiner Stimme spricht!

So viele Worte dringen
Ans Ohr uns ohne Plan,
Und während sie verklingen,
Ist alles abgetan!
Doch drängt auch nur von ferne
Dein Ton zu mir sich her,

Behorch' ich ihn so gerne,
Vergess' ich ihn so schwer.

Ich gebe dann, entglimme
Von allzu rascher Glut:
Mein Herz und deine Stimme
Verstehn sich gar zu gut!

Let me read deep within you
Do not conceal this from me either
What kind of a magical spirit
Speaks through your voice.

So many words assail
Our ears without design
And when they have died away,
Nothing remains!
But if even from a distance
The sound of your voice finds its
way to me,

I listen to it so gladly,
I find it so difficult to forget.

I tremble then, come alight
With all too rapid ardour;
My heart and your voice
Understand each other too well!

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh' ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt' ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

Since I first saw him
I believe myself to be blind,
where I but cast my gaze,
I see him alone.
as in waking dreams
his image floats before me,
rises from deepest darkness,
brighter in ascent.

All else lacks light and color
everywhere around me,
for the games of my sisters
I no longer yearn,
I would rather weep,
silently in my little chamber,
since I saw him,
I believe myself to be blind.

Der Sandmann

Zwei feine Stieflein hab ich an
Mit wunderweichen Söhlchen dran,
Ein Säcklein hab ich hinten auf,
Husch, trippl' ich rasch die Trepp
hinauf.

Und wenn ich in die Stube tret,
Die Kinder beten ein Gebet,

Von meinem Sand zwei Körnelein
Streu ich auf ihre Äugelein,
Da schlafen sie die ganze Nacht
In Gottes und der Englein Wacht.

Von meinem Sand zwei Körnelein
Streut' ich auf ihre Äugelein:
Den frommen Kindern soll gar
schön
Ein froher Traum vorübergehn.
Nun risch und rasch mit Sack und
Stab
Nur wieder jetzt die Trepp hinab!
Ich kann nicht länger müßig stehn,
Muß heut' noch zu Vielen gehn.

Da nickt ihr schon und lächelt im
Traum!

I wear a fine pair of boots
with wondrously soft soles,
I carry a sack upon my back!
Hush, I scamper quickly up the
stairs.

And when I enter the chamber
The children are saying their
prayers:

Two little grains of my sand
I scatter into their eyes,
Then they sleep the whole night
Watched over by God and the
angels.

Two little grains of my sand
I scattered into their eyes:
The good little children should be
visited
By a beautiful dream.
Now rapidly and swiftly with my
sack and my stick
back down the stairs!
I can no longer stand around idly,
I must still visit many [children]
tonight.

There you are already nodding off
and laughing in your dreams,

Und öffnete doch mein
Säcklein kaum,

And I barely opened my little sack.

Parto, parto, ma tu ben mio

Parto, ma tu ben mio,
Meco ritorna in pace.
Sarò qual più ti piace,
Quel che vorrai farò.

I am going my love,
But make peace with me again.
I shall be as you wish me
And will do whatever you want.

Guardami, e tutto oblio,
E a vendicarti io volo;
A questo sguardo solo
Da me sì pensera.
Ah, qual poter, oh Dei,
Donaste alla beltà.

Look at me, and I forget all,
and to avenge you I fly;
I shall think of your glance alone
And remember you.
Ah, what power, oh gods,
You granted to feminine beauty!

Alice Rodd

Here lyeth our infant, Alice Rodd;
She were so small,
Scarce aught at all,
But a mere breath of sweetness sent from God.
Sore we did weep;
Our hearts on sorrow set.
Till on our knees God sent us ease:
And now we weep no more than we forget.

Susannah Fry

Here sleep I, Susannah Fry,
No one near me, no one nigh:
Alone, alone under my stone,
Dreaming on, still dreaming on:
Grass for my valance and coverlid,
Dreaming on as I always did.
'Weak in the head?'
Maybe. Who knows?
Susannah Fry under the rose.

Three Sisters

Three sisters rest beneath this cypress shade,
Sprightly Rebecca Anne and Adelaide.
Gentle their hearts to all on earth, save man;
In him they said, all grief, all wo began.
Spinsters they lived and spinsters Here are laid;
Sprightly Rebecca Anne and Adelaide.

Thomas Logge

Here lie Thomas Logge
A rascally dogge;
A poor useles creature by choice as by nature;
Who never served God for kindness or Rod;
Who for pleasure or penny,
Never did any work in his life but to marry a wife
And live aye in strife:
And all this he says at the end of his days
Lest some fine canting pen
Should be at him again.

A Midget

Just a span and half a span
From head to heel was this little man.
Scarcely a capful of small bones
Raised up erect this midget once.
Yet not a knucle was askew;
Inches for feet God made him true;
And something handsome put between
His coal black hair and beardless chin.
But now forsooth, with mole and mouse,
He keeps his own small darken'd home.

No Voice To Scold

No Voice to scold;
No face to frown;
No hand to smite the helpless down;
Ay, Stranger, here an infant lies,
With worms for welcome paradise.

Ann Poverty

Stranger, here lies Ann Poverty;
Such was her name
And such was she.
May Jesu pity poverty.

Be Very Quiet Now

Be very quiet now;
A child's asleep
In this small cradle,
In this shadow deep!

Automne

Automne au ciel brumeux,
Aux horizons navrants.
Aux rapides couchants,
Aux aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler,
Comme l'eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.

Sur l'aile des regrets mes esprits
emportés,
Comme s'il se pouvait
Que notre âge renaisse!
Parcourent, en rêvant,
Les coteaux enchantés,
Où jadis sourit ma jeunesse!

Je sens, au clair soleil
Du souvenir vainqueur,
Refleurir en bouquet les roses
déliées,
Et monter à mes yeux des
larmes,
Qu'en mon cœur,
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

Autumn, time of misty skies
And heart-breaking horizons,
Of rapid sunsets and pale dawns,
I watch your melancholy days
Flow past like a torrent.

My thoughts borne off on the
wings of regret
As if our time could ever be
relived!
Dreamingly wander the
enchanted slopes
Where my youth once used to
smile.

In the bright sunlight
Of triumphant memory
I feel the scattered roses
reblooming in bouquets;
And tears well up in my eyes,
tears
Which my heart
At twenty had already forgotten!

En Sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.
Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera

Calm in the half-day
That the high branches make,
Let us soak well our love
In this profound silence.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our ecstatic senses
Among the vague langours
Of the pines and the bushes.
Close your eyes halfway,
Cross your arms on your breast,
And from your sleeping heart

Chase away forever all plans.
Let us abandon ourselves
To the breeze, rocking and soft,
Which comes to your feet to ripple
The waves of auburn lawns.

And when, solemnly, the evening
From the black oaks falls,

Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

The voice of our despair,
The nightingale, will sing.

Sylvie

Si tu veux savoir ma belle,
Où s'envole à tire d'aile,
L'oiseau qui chantait sur
l'ormeau?
Je te le dirai ma belle,
Il vole vers qui l'appelle
Vers celui-là
Qui l'aimera!

Si tu veux savoir ma blonde,
Pourquoi sur terre, et sur l'onde
La nuit tout s'anime et s'unit?
Je te le dirai ma blonde,
C'est qu'il est une heure au
monde
Où, loin du jour,
Veille l'amour!

Si tu veux savoir Sylvie,
Pourquoi j'aime a la folie
Tes yeux brillants et languoureux?
Je te le dirai Sylvie,

If you want to know, my beauty,
where flies swiftly on the wing
the bird that sang on the elm?!
I will tell it to you, my beauty, he flies
toward one who calls him
toward that one who will love
him!

If you want to know, my blonde
one,
why, on land and over the waves
at night everything comes to life
and unites?
I will tell it to you, my blonde one,
it is a time in the world
when, far from the day, love
awakes!

If you want to know, Sylvie,
why I so madly love
your shining and languishing
eyes?

C'est que sans toi dans la vie
Tout pour mon coeur
N'est que douleur

I will tell it to you, Sylvie,
without you in my life,
everything is, for my heart,
only suffering!